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MAY, 1901.

No. 7.

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

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WHEN THE SUMMER DAYS GREW WARM.

LITTLE FOLKS

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A CHIPPY'S NEST.



MOTHER CHIPPY.

ONCE I found a tiny nest
In a thick green hedge;
There were little sticks and straws
All around the edge;
But upon the inner side,
Firm and neatly spread,
Was the softest lining laid
For a little bed;

It was all of children's hair,
Fine and soft as down,
Curly, straight and silken too,
Golden, flax and brown —
When the summer days grew warm
For the children's play,
Mama took her scissors bright,
Trimmed the curls away.

And the thrifty mother bird
Found the trimmings prime,
Thought the little children's hair
Cut off just in time!
Now, within the leafy hedge,
Mother Chippy's head
Peeps above the baby birds
From that cosy bed.

Betty Bluet.

TILLIE'S KNITTING-WORK LESSON.



HOW TILLIE DID WORK!

WHEN my Grandma was young, little girls were taught to do many useful things. Little girls thought it no hardship to wash and dry the dishes, and spread up the beds after a stronger hand had shaken the great feather mattresses; and all the doll-clothes of those days must have been well made, because the "little mothers" were given every day a lesson in sewing, crocheting or knitting, as soon as they were old enough to learn.

One day, one summer, Grandma's mother called her three little daughters to her and said, "I am going to teach you to knit. I will give a reward for the first pair of socks—and how proud Papa will be to wear them!"

Then she gave Lucinda, Alida and little Tillie each a great ball of yarn and a set of shining knitting-needles. She patiently spent a great deal of time in showing them how to "set up a sock" on three needles, and how to hold it, and how to use the fourth needle to really "knit."

The upper maid, Dinah, was to show them how to shape the heel and toe, and "narrow," and "bind off," as she herself was to be away for some weeks.

So, every day, very soon, each little girl took her ball and needles and went away to her own favorite nook, and for some time a very lively race went on for the prize.

For at least a fortnight the little girls knitted industriously; then Alida began to weary, even before one sock was completed; and Lucinda's sock grew very slowly, though the knitting always showed even and smooth.

But how little Tillie did work! Her small fingers fairly flew; her little white pet rabbits nibbled at the ball of yarn and wondered why Tillie did not have a word to say to them. Every day she took her little stool out into the grape arbor and diligently knitted away, though the shouts of the children paddling in the brook came to her ears, the loudest among them the voices of her two sisters.

"I *will* finish first," she said. "I *will* win the prize! I know I *can*!"

After a very long time to Tillie, and a surprisingly short time to the sisters, Tillie announced—it was on the day after Mama's return home—that her socks were finished; and then Alida wished she had not been having such a good time and had more to show than just one-half of a sock, not very tidy-looking. Lucinda had finished one sock and it was very prettily and evenly knitted; but she, too, was ashamed that little Tillie had outdone her.

Tillie laid the pair of socks on Mama's lap with a triumphant little smile.

The three little girls hovered near while Mama slipped one of the socks over her hand.

But what do you think?

There were about a hundred little holes where Tillie had dropped a stitch every now and then! Alas! and the other sock was quite as bad.

Mama smiled as she said, "These socks will have to be darned before they can be worn."

Alida laughed merrily, but Lucinda put her arms around poor little Tillie whose tears were falling softly over the careless work.

"Never mind, Tilly," she said, "you will get the prize, for you *did* knit the first pair!"

Well, Grandma's Mama—Grandma was Tillie—gave them each a prize for learning to knit—a little work-box, with needles, scissors, thread and tiny thimble.

"Tillie has learned something else too, I think," said Mama as she stooped to kiss the tear-stained and sorry little face



THERE WERE ABOUT A HUNDRED LITTLE HOLES IN TILLIE'S SOCK.

Then she gave Tillie her workbox, a pretty blue one, and said, in a whisper, "Make haste slowly!"

Grandma says it has been over fifty years since she won that prize, and she has forgotten how to knit; but the lesson she learned along with her knitting she will *never* forget.

Mary Goodwin Hubbell.

HELPING THE WORLD.

(A Recitation.)

ONE day, in church, the minister
Said *everybody* ought
To be a Helper in the world.
But though I thought and thought

I couldn't see what *I* could do;
The big world seemed to be
So much *too* big to need the help
Of little girls like me.

I couldn't preach to people
And tell them to be good;
Nor earn enough of dimes to buy
One hungry person food;

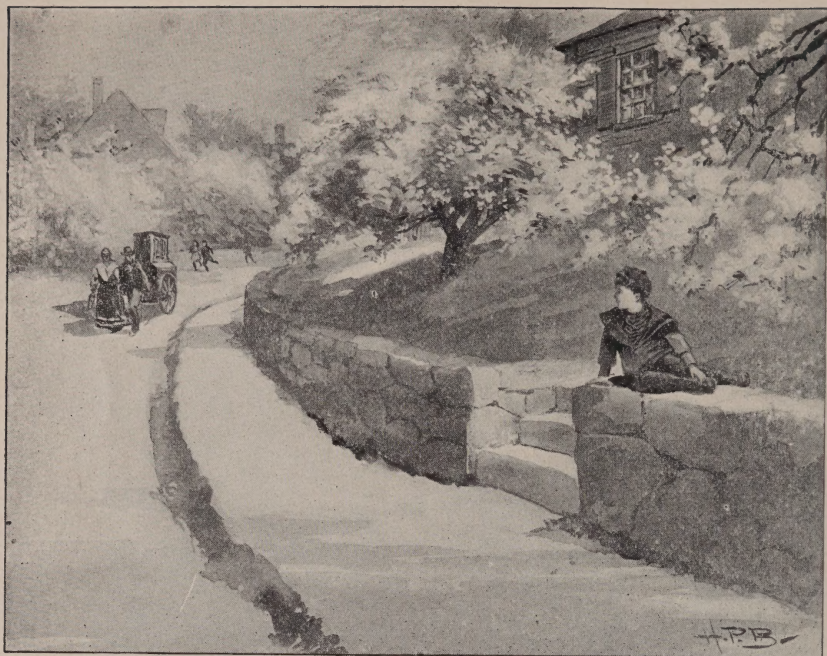
Nor nurse in hospitals; nor teach
Poor children how to read —
It seemed as if I couldn't do
One thing that people need!

So I asked Mother — and she says
That school and home are each
Just parts of that same great big world
It seems so hard to reach;

And when I help my teachers
By doing what is right,
Or try not to be noisy
When papa's tired at night,

Or sometimes spare one of my toys
To help some poor child's play,
I'm really helping the big world
A little every day!

Henrietta R. Eliot.



"I KNOW WHAT I AM GOING TO BE
WHEN I GROW BIG AND STRONG."

THE HURDY-GURDY MAN.

NEW little leaves are on the trees,
Birds twitter everywhere,
And I can smell the sweet, sweet smell
Of blossoms in the air;
But what I like the very best,
When winter goes away,
Is that the Hurdy-Gurdy man
Will come now every day!

Sometimes he plays right by my house,
And sometimes down the street,
But I can hear, and just the sound
Makes dance my little feet;

And then I turn and spin and wheel
And jump and skip and hop,
Until the Hurdy-Gurdy man
Makes his nice music stop.

I wish he didn't have to go
To dinners or to bed —
But when he does, the music stays
And sings inside my head;
And then I sit quite still and think
How good that spring is here
So that the Hurdy-Gurdy man
Can play both far and near.

I know what *I* am going to be
When I grow big and strong —
A Hurdy-Gurdy man myself,
And play the whole day long!
And oh! how dear 'twill be to hear
The little children say,
“Ho! Ho! the Hurdy-Gurdy man
Has come! Hark — hear him play!”

Lilla Thomas Elder.

THE TIME I WAS SICK.

(When I was a Little Girl.)

WHEN I was a little girl I was usually well and strong, and ran and raced out-doors nearly all day long when not in school. One day a friend of my mother's came to see us, and when she went back to the small city where she lived she took me with her. I remember that I felt very grand going off visiting without any of the family.

I cannot tell now what I wore except a white straw hat trimmed with pale-blue silk, and that every bow and end of the

silk was fringed with small white pearl shells, real sea-shells. This hat was called very pretty; and the shells, the milliner said, were something new and very stylish — this pleased me much. My mother, just as I was starting, pinned my collar with a tiny topaz pin, one of her own girlhood's treasures. She told me several times to be careful of the pin, and though I admired it much I was rather afraid to wear it, for I had a great gift for losing things.

After a day or two I began to feel that I had to stay in the house too much, though Mrs. Thomas took me to walk every day; so one morning when she was busy I asked to take a little walk alone. She said I could go a certain distance, and I started off. Somehow I made the wrong turn and instead of coming back to the house I found myself, after walking a long time to find it, in a very bad part of the city. The streets were dirty, and there were bad smells, and all the children were ragged. I walked about and about a good deal, but after awhile got away, and came out upon the right street. I met Mrs. Thomas coming to find me — she had been frightened by my long stay.

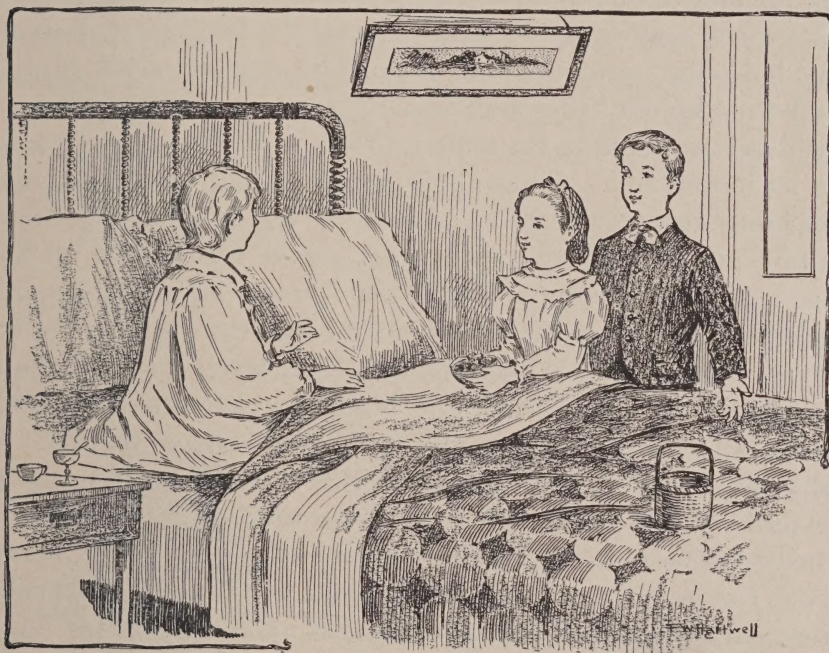
I burst into tears as soon as I reached the house because I was so warm and tired, and when I found I had lost mother's little topaz pin I cried harder than ever and refused to be comforted. I did not feel very well after this, and when I went home I was a sick little girl, so sick that my mother never scolded about the pin, though I cried out as soon as I stepped into the house, "Oh, mother, I have lost your little pin!"

I had a bad fever, and they cut off my hair. I had been letting my hair grow long, and it had got almost long enough to make into what we called a "waterfall." All the girls of eleven or twelve wore "waterfalls." They pushed a round comb through their hair, then pushed the comb up and away from the head making the back hair stand out, then put on a net and tied a ribbon to come up around the comb, with a bow on top; and when, after I was a little better, I found all my nice hair had been cut off while I was too sick to know it, I felt bad. "Now, I can't make any 'waterfall' like the rest of the girls!" I wailed.

My mother took care of me daytimes, and my father sat by

me every night, and when I could not sleep he would hold me in his arms, or carry me across the room and put me on a sofa.

When I was a little girl they did not let people drink milk when sick, as they do now. I felt very hungry all the time and wanted milk and all kinds of things to eat. One day I heard the doctor say something about giving me a baked apple, and I



MY BROTHER AND SISTER TOLD ME WHAT THEY HAD SEEN AND DONE.

was quite happy looking forward to it; but it was only some water that had been poured over a baked apple, that I had!

I used to ask very often if I should be well enough to go to Cattle Show (our county fair), and mother and father would say that they hoped so. But when the day came I was still in bed. Father took the other children, and when he came home he brought me a pretty red-and-white basket that the Indians had made. I was in a bed in the sitting-room and my brother and sister stood by the bed and told me what they had seen and done; and when mother came into the room she found me eating shagbarks with a pin — the children had brought some all

cracked from the fair. My mother took them right away from me, and what little I had eaten did not hurt me, most fortunately.

As I grew better the other children had me for a sort of plaything; they thought it was very funny to have little Betsey in bed in the sitting-room. One evening I was waked up by their laughing and found that 'Siah had put a small clay pipe that he used for blowing bubbles, in my open mouth — he was so gentle that I knew nothing about it till I heard the laughing. I used to be bolstered up in bed and make fine doll's clothes. I remember making a little straw hat.

When I was able to have toast, it was made with cream and salt, no butter, and I didn't like it very well, but the other children hung around the bed and wanted it. My birthday was the fifteenth of October and the doctor said I could sit up an hour, and he told mother just what I could have for supper. Little Nabby, my especial friend across the street, come over to take tea with me. We had hot milk and water to drink, and egg griddle-cakes with sugar and blackberry jelly on them, and round cookies with holes in the middle and sugar on top. I had a silver thimble for a present. Before the hour was up I was quite ready to go back to bed. Some time after this, Nabby's father drew me over to his house on a sled, and I took dinner there. I remember eating some salt pork, and his saying it made girls smart to eat pork, and that I ate as much as I could.

All my hair came off, and the children thought it very funny to see big locks of it on the pillow every morning, and they used to like to have me hand them locks from my head, or to slyly pull out a little for themselves, as it did not hurt me any. By the time I was able to go to school my head was just like a shaved head, and I wore a very thick black net and a red ribbon around it to cover it up. One day the girl behind me in school and I got into a fuss, and she suddenly snatched off my net and ribbon and showed my bald head to the scholars. I felt bad and tried to cover up my head with my hands. "Dear me," kindly said the teacher, who helped me put on my net again, "I didn't know your hair was so short!"

A little brown fuzz really had just begun to grow, and I soon

left off the net for I thought that as every one had seen my funny head, it did not matter. Very soon I had fine curly hair that looked like the close coat of a water-spaniel. All the girls thought my curly hair very nice, and I used to cut off little locks that made perfect circles. I, however, did not value my curls, and I wet them and brushed them every day to get the curl out, for I wanted a "waterfall"—but the curl stayed in for more than a year, and the wetting only made my hair freeze stiff on the way to school, but after a time I managed to straighten out my hair enough so that with the aid of a "cushion" I was able to wear a "waterfall," though it was not just like the round-comb kind. Oh, how delighted I was!

Elizabeth Robinson.

WOODPECKER INN.



NEAR the edge of our lawn, and close to the street, stands a great maple whose trunk is partially decayed. In this soft wood a Woodpecker worked all the springtime, last year. He was a very energetic little fellow and sometimes he fairly covered the ground with his chips.

As soon as the house was fairly done and furnished with all the conveniences that he could devise, he flew off in search of Mrs. Woodpecker.

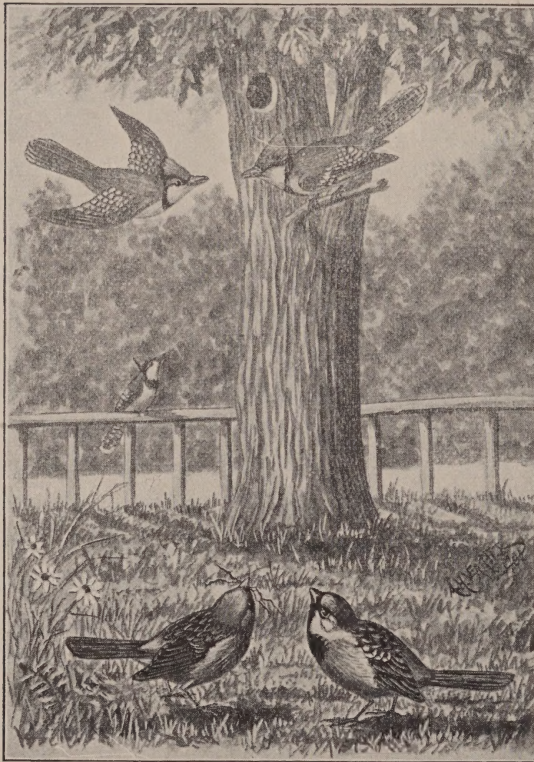
After she arrived, we saw her hopping about at the front door for several minutes. Then she went in and out several times, but never staying inside more than a few moments. From the first she did not approve of the house. Perhaps she thought it too large, or she might have thought that it was too near the street and too easily reached by boys in search of eggs. She chirped a good deal to Mr. Woodpecker about it, and finally the two flew off to find another home.

However the house in the maple did not stand empty long. The Jays discovered it and all summer chased each other in and out screaming like a troop of noisy children. When they were tired of every other place they always came and stayed here awhile.

The children called the little house "Woodpecker Inn" and were always watching for new guests. All through the summer

months various birds came and went, and the Inn was never vacant more than a week at a time.

Some Sparrows lived in it through the winter, finding it a perfectly comfortable refuge from the snows and icy winds of January and February. And when the warm spring days again came around we saw Mrs. Sparrow sitting with her dainty head in the doorway and Mr. Sparrow, brave in his new suit, perched upon a little bare branch beneath her,



THE JAYS DISCOVERED IT.

and chirping forth his sweetest notes for her pleasure.

After the baby Sparrows were hatched and the family had flown away, we frequently saw other birds there, strangers, stopping for an hour's rest, just as travellers stop at a tavern.

Now, the children report, a Robin Red Breast has taken lodgings, probably only until he can finish his own nest.

Pearl Howard Campbell.

TWO LITTLE BLIZZARD-CAPS.

(*Far-West Children.*)

IT was a keen breezy Saturday morning on the prairie, and Uncle Will was waiting, in his buggy, to take Ned and Dick down to their Grandmother's to spend the holiday.

There was a beautiful blue lake only about a mile from where their Grandfather lived, and its shore sloped so gradually out into the deep water that the boys could play there and not be in danger, unless they disobeyed orders and went out too far.

So they got their hooks and lines and thought they were all ready, when their Mama brought out two thick wool-lined helmet caps — that kind that can be pulled down over your face, all but your eyes, and cover the back of your head and even your neck.

"Oh, not the caps, please, Mama!" both the boys begged at once. "Do let us wear our straw hats! What'll folks think to see us wearing our old blizzard-caps in spring?"

"Listen to the wind!" said Mama. "See how it blows! These will stay on your heads. You know you don't like strings to your straw hats — though I *could* sew some on, in a minute."

Now, if there was anything Ned did not like, and anything Dick did not like, it was a string to a hat. So they settled the thick old blizzard-caps comfortably on their heads with the visors up, and climbed into the carriage and each reached down and gave Mama a hug, and then Uncle Will drove away, and they shouted back, "Good-by, Mama! Blizzard-caps all right!"

They had a good visit the first thing with their Grandmother. She always stopped her work when her grandsons came. And then they had some big slices of delicious bread and butter with honey, and after that they went out to the barn and found their fishing-poles in a corner exactly where they had left them the summer before, and started on their way to the lake

The wind had begun to die down and by the time they had reached the lake it was quite still. The sun shone out unusually warm. The trees around the lake were shining with their new green leaves. The waves rippled along one after another against the smooth shore, with silvery tipsy little laughs and murmurs,



IN THE MIDST OF THE BLIZZARD.

and Ned and Dick laughed, too. They had left their shoes and stockings at their Grandmother's, and the first thing they did was to wade out into the crinkling water. And you ought to have seen the glittering pickerel that day! The little boys laid down the poles and caught fish with their hands, till they each had a long string.

It grew warmer and warmer, and the day seemed more like summer than spring. Their faces were red and moist under the heavy caps. Oh, if they could have worn the straw hats!

Suddenly the little fishermen heard a long deep roll of thunder. Overhead the sky was blue, but across the lake they saw a strange green cloud and a grayish mist, and away against that far dim shore the white-caps were tossing.

It was only half a mile to the village and Ned and Dick had been there often. They knew they could get there much quicker than they could reach Grandmother's.

"But you know, Dicky," said Ned, "Grandma didn't *say* we could go to the village. She said we could just come fishing.

We better run for Grandma's, Dick, if it *is* more'n a mile!"

The wind was already blowing a gale. But the little boys pulled down the visors of their blizzard-caps, tied them snugly, then grasped each other's hands, and started on a run.

The great thick black cloud was rushing across the lake, and in a minute more a cruel hurricane of hail-stones, big as walnuts, came roaring over the prairie. Ned and Dick turned their faces from it as much as they could, but in another minute they were in the midst of it, the hailstones bruising their brave little shoulders, and cutting their bare hands and feet. Sometimes the wind lifted and rolled them before it. Whenever they could walk at all they had to wade through drifts of hail.

But the wind did not blow them entirely out of the right direction, and pretty soon they came into the road that, blind as they were, they knew led to their Grandmother's nearest neighbor, and they called out, and the neighbor heard them, and flung open the door and rushed forth and helped the little fellows in. They were crying with pain from the stinging hailstones, their bare hands and feet were bleeding, but each still sturdily carried his string of pickerel!

The good woman undressed them and gave them peppermint tea and wrapped them in hot blankets and put them to bed, and in a minute they went sound asleep.

The very next thing they knew, they were in bed at Grandmother Gray's, and it was the next morning, and the canary was singing, and the cat was purring in the sun on the windowsill, and out in the other room they heard their Mother and their Grandmother talking.

Grandmother Gray was saying, "Anna May, it was a providence that they wore their old blizzard-caps! There's no telling what their heads would have been beaten into, if they hadn't! We would have had something to grieve over besides broken windows and the grain all ruined. And to think they held on to the fish! Their Grandfather says they'll make two gritty men!"

"And they were so good about wearing the old caps, though they didn't want to," said Anna May.

(Of course you know that Anna May was the mother of Ned and Dick.)

The cheeks of the two little boys burned when they heard the praise. And they shouted, "Ho, ho, Mama May! ho, ho, Gramma Gray! We hear what you're saying!" And then they laughed, and Grandmother and Mama laughed too!

Lucia Chase Bell.



BLOWING BUBBLES.

SWEET spring winds are blowing,
Sparrows flitting by;
On the sunny terrace
Here alone I lie.

With my bowl all foaming,
And my pipe of clay,
Such good fun I'm having
With my bubble play!

I can make big bubbles
Round and clear and fair,

Blow them o'er the terrace,
Float them in the air.

And each one is lovely
As my mother's ring,
Green and blue and crimson,
All that sort of thing.

Little sparrow, tilting
On the ivy spray,
With your small head turning
Knowingly this way,

Don't you think my bubbles
Beautiful to see?
Don't you wish that you might
Be a child, like me?

Caro Atherton Dugan.

RIDDLE-RHYMES.

XIV.

M*Y first*, he gives great thought to clothes;
He long before his mirror stands,
And combs and curls his perfumed hair.
My second gives small thought to clothes;
Before his mirror, set in sands,
He wildly shakes his shaggy hair.

My whole thinks not of curls or clothes,
And yet is clad in cloth of gold —
And children wear its curls for hair.
My whole, when earth puts on spring clothes,
The children pick, all they can hold,
And set in wreaths upon their hair.

C. S. P.

WHERE A LITTLE BOY LIVES.



THE LITTLE BOY.

THE Little Boy was fast asleep and the Clock struck twelve. The Piano began a scale but stopped short. "Well, I can't get any further," it groaned. "That pin is still there. I shall have to be tuned! Twenty-nine times without stopping to-day, that Little Boy sang, 'Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue,' and I had to bang out the most frightful discords each time!"

"We all heard you and were sorry for you!" squeaked the little French Writing-Desk

"As for me, my legs tremble under me every time he comes near and throws back my lid — my poor scratched lid!"

"You young people may have your mahogany scratched a little, but just think of me!" came from the tall Napoleon Desk between the windows. "Wait until you are one hundred years old, as I am! That Little Boy has no more respect for me than he has for his woolly dog! He tried his new pen-knife on me today!"

A muffled tone was heard from the floor. It was the Cashmere Rug speaking. "Half the bread and jelly he had today is daubed over in this corner. You can't imagine how uncomfortable it is to have your face left sticky over night! And I am always left in a tumble, besides being trampled full of sharp bits of nut-shells!"

"Do let's go to sleep now," sighed the soft cushiony voice of

the green Morris chair. "He has jumped about on me so much today that I ache still! Good-night."

The next day two Men came in and took up the Cashmere Rug. What a beating and shaking it did get! It was too much exhausted to even groan when, all clean and bright, it was once more spread on the floor.

Meanwhile a white-capped Maid was washing all the wood of the furniture in a sparkling soapsuds; then with a queer dark oil she rubbed and rubbed it until she could see her face in every glossy surface.

Next came a Man with a little black bag and took the Piano all apart, the dust and pins that had choked its voice were removed, and it sang sweetly under his fingers.

Then the Chairs and Desks and Tables and Sofas were put in place, and night came again.

"Well, how do you all feel now?" asked the Piano, as the Clock struck twelve. "I am not quite as happy myself as I expected to be. The Little Boy hasn't been near me all day, and though I can sing now, somehow I don't feel like it."

"As for me," remarked the Napoleon Desk, "I confess that I too miss the Little Boy. Now that all his little finger-marks and the dents and scratches are polished away I miss them. I have felt like a grandfather to that Little Boy, and I miss his little greasy pats!"

"I should like to hold him in my arms for a minute or two, I confess," sighed the green Morris chair. "They have pounded every crumb of his candy and cake from my cushions, and every little dusty heel mark has vanished!"

"It's altogether too bare and dismal," said the Cashmere Rug. "They have carried out his horse and picked up his toys and all the picture-books!"

"Well, don't let us distress ourselves," observed the Piano, "for by to-morrow night we shall all have a brand-new lot of love-pats and grease-spots and around us will be the same litter of his toys and things, and they will not clean house again until next fall!"

LONG TOM, AND HOW THEY GOT HIM.

CHAPTER VII.—“AN ELEGANT SHOW.”

DR. HOLMAN lent his wolf-skin robe and Orlando was a wolf at the show, since he couldn't be a bear. Some people thought he wasn't so much like a “truly” wolf as he could be like a “truly” bear.

But, as Bee Brown said, you ought not to expect so much talent of one person.

Pekoe people knew more about bears than they did about wolves, too, because one came around with the circus every summer. And some of the old men had hunted bears on Blue mountain in Tinkertown. Anyway, Orlando practiced the wolf bark up in the barn chamber, until such a crowd gathered around the barn that Jo Marvin, the constable, thought there was a fire and rang in the alarm.

And Pinky Jones said she thought that Orlando was “an elegant wolf.”

Bee had said to Pinky Jones, when they were coming back to the barn from Miss Theodora Green's, that perhaps it would be better not to tell the boys who it was that had borrowed the bear-skin rug.

No, of course she would not tell, Pinky answered readily. Those Tinkertown boys were probably going to have a show and she shouldn't want any of their boys to go to it. Some of the Pekoe Guards were so fond of going to shows that they might go even to Iky Proudfoot's.

No, Pinky said with a great appearance of discretion, she wouldn't tell anyone that Iky Proudfoot had borrowed Miss Theodora Green's bear-skin rug!

Now Pinky didn't think of anything but a show for which Iky Proudfoot could have wanted the bear-skin. And, in fact, the Tinkertown boys were almost as fond of having shows as the Pekoe boys. It was very likely that he did want it for a show, and Bee was more firmly resolved than ever not to tell even Billy Boy.

What *she* had thought, all in a moment, was that Iky was be-

ing a "make-believe" bear in Perigo's woods to prevent the gun from being taken by anyone.

But Bee felt that if she were to tell the boys it might make them very reckless and, after all, there might be a "truly" bear in Perigo's woods.

Being a sister of the Captain made one feel as if one were a sister of all the Pekoe Guards and must take care of them all; that is if one were a very responsible little girl and used to being a good sister, as Bee Brown was. The Pekoe Guards felt that they must do brave things, being soldiers, and as they were only boys, Bee was afraid they might go over to Tinkertown and do foolishly daring things.

She hoped that Pinky Jones could be depended on not to tell that Iky Proudfoot had borrowed the bear-skin rug. But the worst of it was that Pinky Jones could not be depended upon not to let things that she didn't mean to say pop out of her mouth!

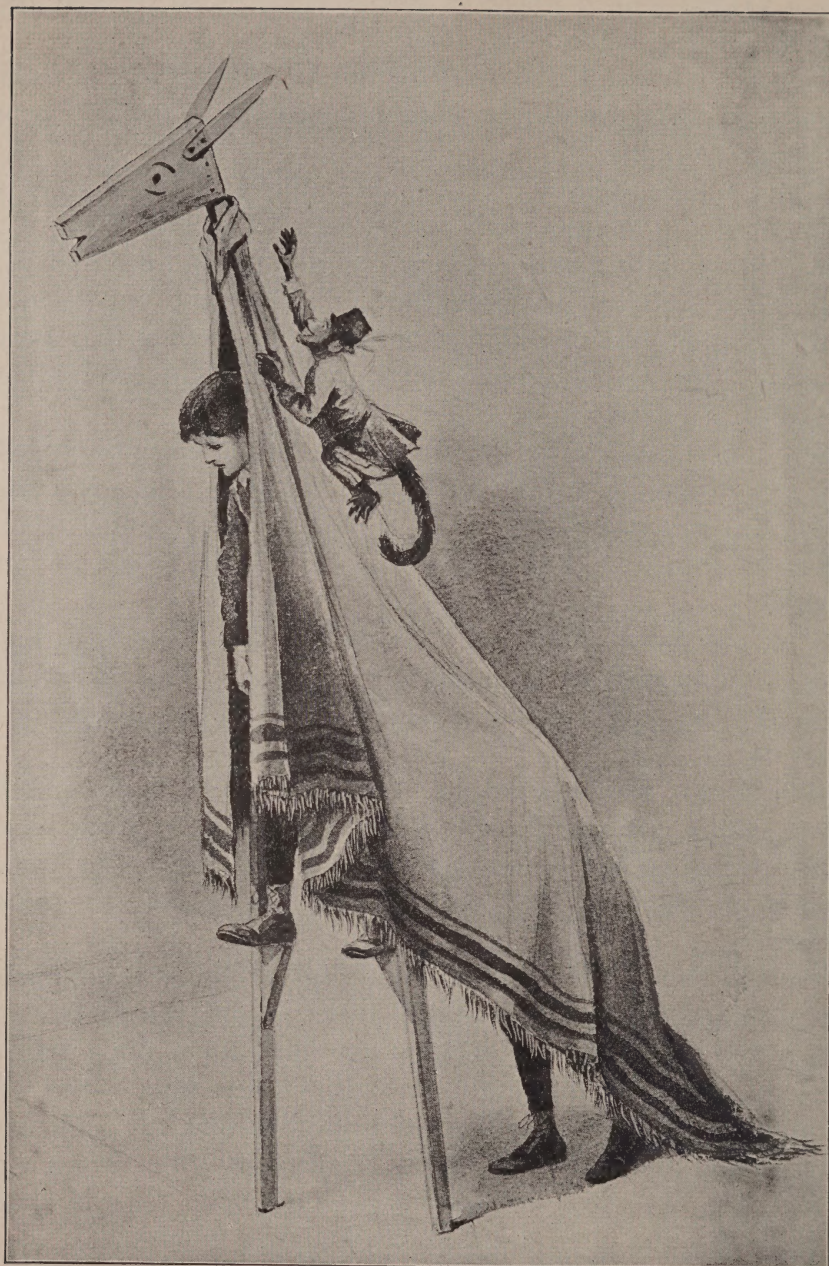
That was one of the greatest shows that the Pekoe boys had ever given, in spite of the hurry they were in. It couldn't be allowed to be a failure, they all agreed, when so much depended upon it!

Bob Brown, who was a very expert stilt-walker, made himself into a giraffe. It was a good deal to do and he never had tried it before, but he had meant to, ever since the last circus came around in which the very long-legged giraffe was the great attraction.

Philena Brown's old shawl, that was just the right color, made the giraffe's skin, and little Willie Johnson was the hind legs. Willie knew a great deal about shows and when the giraffe's forelegs stalked off the stage—that is, the barn floor—the rest of him stayed behind and made such fun that the audience clapped and roared with laughter. Willie was not a strong and healthy lad, not strong enough to belong to the Guards; but, as Billy Boy was often heard to say, he had a great head.

It takes talent to be "the rest of a giraffe;" so Bee Brown said.

Willie had helped his friend, Ralph Farr, to train his dog



THE LONG-LEGGED GIRAFFE WAS THE GREAT ATTRACTION.

Flip, and Flip played an important part in the show. His principal characters as they appeared on the program were these:

The Great Apple Catcher.

“ “ *Apple Thief.*

“ “ *Beggar.*

“ “ *Pointer.*

“ “ *Tree-Climber.*

“ “ *Water-Hunter.*

Flip was more applauded than the wolf or the giraffe—at least from the boys. He was, really, a dear little fellow and as proud to act his part as if he knew what it was all for.

The monkey, too, was a great success; and that was a surprise, for when you wanted him to do things most he wouldn't.

“O, wasn't it an elegant show!” cried Pinky Jones lingering among the girls and boys after the older people had passed out of the barn. “I don't believe that Iky Proudfoot can get up any such show, if he has borrowed Miss Theodora Green's bear—Oh dear, oh dear, I forgot that Bee told me not to tell!”

Of course every one of the Pekoe Guards within hearing had pricked up his ears. Even Billy Boy and Dandy Frazar who were counting the money taken at the door, dropped a jingling heap out of their hands.

“Did Iky Proudfoot borrow the bear-skin rug?” asked Billy Boy. And he looked so queer that you couldn't help telling him even if you hadn't let it out.

“There's more than enough money here to pay for bringing the gun home! There's enough to help any fellow out that honestly couldn't get his share,” called out Billy Boy. “And next Saturday morning the Guards will go to Tinkertown and pay for the gun! It's pretty sure that they'll find it in Perigo's woods, and the only bear they'll find there will be Iky Proudfoot dressed up in Miss Theodora Green's rug!”

(To be continued.)

Sophie Swett.

THE LOVABLE TALES OF JANEY AND JOSEY AND JOE.

VI.—THE SURPRISE PARTY.



"ALL RIGHT, LITTLE DAISIES!"

AND one day Janey's mother said, "Everyone is always giving dear Janey beautiful presents, and planning nice times for Janey. I *do* wish my Janey would be more thoughtful and kind to others!"

And Janey looked up at her Mama, and smiled and said, "Dear precious Mama, I will plan a beautiful surprise for Josey and Joe."

And Mama said, "That is right, you lovable child. I want you to think of pleasant surprises for Josey and Joe."

And dear little Janey ran out into the daisy field, and she said to the daisies, "Oh tell me what shall I do, little daisies! Help me to plan a beautiful wonderful surprise for Josey and Joe."

And the daisies whispered to Janey. (Janey pretended the daisies could whisper!) And she smiled and nodded her dear little head and clapped her little hands, and said, "All right, you sweet little daisies, I hear what yon say, and I will, this very same day I'll have a beautiful party for Josey and Joe."

And just at that minute Janey saw Aunt Susan Mehetible's carriage coming along the road by the daisy field.

And Aunt Susan Mehetible called, "Oh, Janey, precious Janey, come here, and give me *one* sweet kiss."

And Janey ran out, and climbed into Aunt Susan Mehetible's carriage, and gave her one sweet kiss. And she said, "Oh, Aunt Susan Mehetible dear, I am going to have a beautiful surprise party for Josey and Joe this afternoon, but you mustn't tell *anyone*."

And Aunt Susan Mehetible hugged Janey close in her arms, and said, "I will not tell anyone, precious Janey. And who are you going to ask to come to the party?"

And Janey said, "Oh, dear Arabella and dear Araminta, and you, *you*, Aunt Susan Mehetible. I want you to come too."

And Aunt Susan Mehetible said, "You darling, I will be delighted to come to your party."



JANEY CLIMBED INTO AUNT SUSAN MEHETIBLE'S CARRIAGE.

And Janey said, "This party is for Josey and Joe and not for me at all."

And Janey rode in Aunt Susan Mehetible's splendid carriage down to the big stone house where Arabella and Araminta lived, and asked them to come to the party.

And Arabella clapped her hands and said, "Oh, goody! goody! A party! Yes I'll come to the party, Janey!"

And Araminta clapped her hands and said, "Oh, goody! goody! A party! Yes, I'll come to the party, Janey!"

And then they went home. And Janey ran out into the

kitchen and said, "Oh, good Queen Ann, we are going to have a beautiful surprise party this afternoon for Josey and Joe, and I want yon to make caramel cake, and pink ice-cream and raspberry tarts and thimble cookies."

And good Queen Ann held up both her hands and said, "My goodness me! Miss Janey, have you asked your precious Mama if you can have a party?"

And Janey said, "No, it is a *surprise* party and you musn't tell anyone, Queen Ann!"

And Queen Ann held up both her hands and said, "My goodness me, Miss Janey, caramel cake and pink ice-cream and raspberry tarts and thimble cookies will cost your mother a great deal of money!"

And Janey said, "I've taken the money all out of my little red bank and put it in Mama's purse to pay for the party."

And good Queen Ann caught Janey up into her arms and hugged her close and said, "You are the cleverest, sweetest, *dearest* child only six years old I ever saw, Miss Janey love!"

And that afternoon Josey and Joe were playing out in the yard, and all at once they heard some one laughing, and all at once they heard some one saying, "We've come to the party Josey, we've come to the party Joe!"

And there was Arabella, and there was Araminta dancing along the garden walk.

And oh, but Josey and Joe did look surprised! They opened their eyes very wide and said, "Why, there isn't a party at our house today!"

And Janey came running out of the house and said, "Yes, there is a party, a beautiful surprise party out under the apple trees."

And oh, but Josey and Joe did open their eyes with surprise when they saw the caramel cake and the pink ice-cream and the raspberry tarts and the thimble cookies.

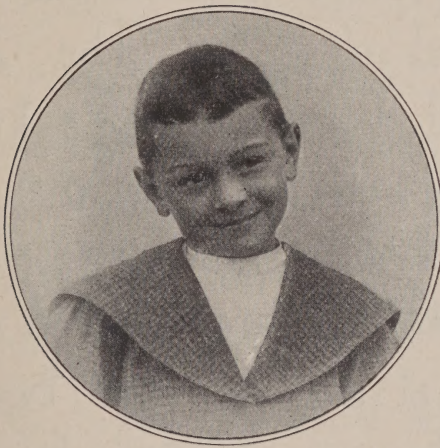
And Aunt Susan Mehetible and precious Mama came out to the party too, and they all had a splendid time.

And that night when Janey went to bed her Mama took her upon her lap and hugged her close and said, "Oh, Janey, you

lovable child, you opened your little red bank and gave all your pennies to pay for the party, didn't you, dear?"

And Janey said, "Wasn't it a beautiful surprise? Oh, how little Joe opened his eyes when he saw the raspberry tarts!"

Gertrude Smith.



CHARLIE.

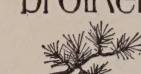
'TIS Charlie gets the tumbles,
'Tis Charlie gets the lumps,
And worse than these, the measles,
The chicken-pox and mumps;
And if the scarlet fever
Or whooping cough's about,
Oh, Charlie's sure to have it
Before the month is out.
But Charlie's such a darling,
So full of pranks and fun,
Another thing he catches
Is smiles from everyone!

Alva Deane.

THE LITTLE OWLS AT RED GATES.

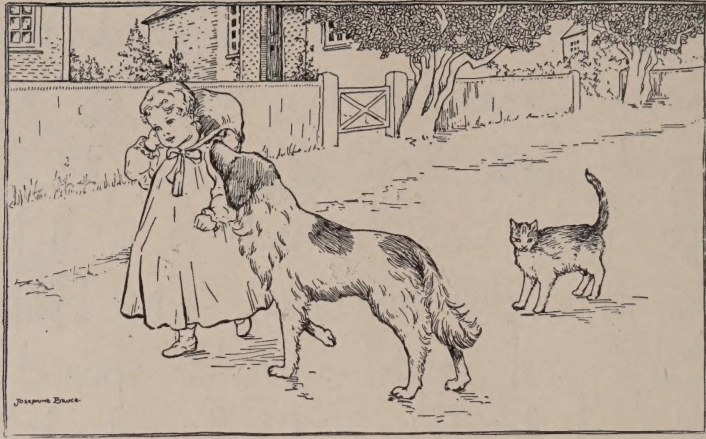
VII

 **L**TLE  reached the old nest-
first. She sat down on a  outside

the , very proud because she had caught
a new kind of . The  felt
plump and fat, but  thought she
wouldn't eat it until she could give her moth-
er and brother a taste, so she laid it
on the .

There was a bright, full
, and at last she spied them coming.
As they flew up, she took the  into
her , ready to eat it, and then in
her pride lifted her  and hooted. But
her mother at once slapped her with
her , snatched the poor Polly-
and dropped it into the . "That
thing isn't good to eat!" she said. "It
is what those great creatures that nest in
 make for their  to play

with! Come here!" She flew down into the ferns, picked up the Polly- again and made  and  bite it. Sure enough, there was no taste to it. It looked fat but it couldn't be eaten. The Polly- was dry and tough. Owlet spread her wings and flew away. Owlkin stood on a  and looked down at 's poor little plaything. "I'm sorry  is such a little !" he said. But Owlet wasn't sorry for anything. She said she'd never go back—she'd have a tree of her own! She caught a mouse in the , but the Dilver  saw her and almost got her, and then the Dilver , loo, saw her and almost got her. And what did poor  do then? She flew home and got into the , and snuggled down beside her mother, close, and  and  both put their wings around her, for they loved little , naughty as she was!



THE WILD ESCAPE.

THE BABY, THE CAT AND THE DOG FROM NEXT DOOR.

WE left them at play on the nursery floor
 As often and often we'd left them before ;
 But once when we looked they weren't there any more —
 The baby, the cat and the dog from next door.

Now where in the world could the truants have fled ?
 We looked in the closet and under the bed,
 We searched through the house, and the yard o'er and o'er,
 For the baby, the cat and the dog from next door.

But some one had tracked through the sunshiny street
 The trail of those ten little wandering feet,
 And back to the much dismayed family they bore
 The baby, the cat and the dog from next door.

Which mischievous brain planned the wild escapade ?
 Which, which was the culprit that started the raid ?
 No answer. We could but to favor restore
 The baby, the cat and the dog from next door.

Mary Hicks VanDerburgh.

PUBLISHER'S TALK TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Please look at the April number of *LITTLE FOLKS* again and notice the half price coupons. You will find ten of them, like the four given on this page. These are for you to sell to any one who has never taken *LITTLE FOLKS*, and entitle any family that never has taken the magazine to a half yearly subscription for twenty-five cents.

You will find that the best kind of fathers and mothers will be very glad of a chance to have *LITTLE FOLKS* so cheaply. You can pay for your own copy by selling ten of these half price subscriptions and sending the money (\$2.50) to the publisher. Or you can give them away, and with each one explain how *you* like the magazine, and that this half price offer will soon expire.

The publisher wants to have every coupon used and relies on his little friends to distribute them carefully. If you sell five coupons you may have fifty fine engravings, free.

This is a good time to send for a copy of the Premium List. It contains sixteen pages and tells all about things you want, and can have by getting subscribers. Send a postal card request for one.

Every one — fathers and mothers as well as children — enjoy the game boards mentioned on the last page of the cover of this number of *LITTLE FOLKS*. You may have one free if you wish. Read the page and find out about it.

HALF PRICE TRIAL COUPON.

In order to introduce LITTLE FOLKS to new families and thus secure new friends and make them permanent readers, a six months' trial subscription will be given for 25 cents in stamps or silver. This offer applies only to families where LITTLE FOLKS has never been taken.

S. E. CASSINO, Publisher, Salem, Mass.

Name.....

Father's name.....

Post Office.....

Not Good after June,

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Not Good after June,



RIDDLE-RHYMES.

MARCH ANSWER.

The answer to Riddle-Rhyme XII. in the March number is Wind.

MARCH HONOR LIST.

Boys and girls who sent the correct answer to Riddle-Rhyme XII.

Harold R. Norris, Theron B. Sanderson, Maud Prosser, Laura Fern Cox, Helen Ranken Will, Gladys Lathrop Taylor, George Herbert Day, Jr., Enid M. Engel, Helen Gardner, Rachel P. Withers, Susie Marie Elwell, Irene Kirschstein, Pauline Mayer, Allen W. Withers, Martha Paulson, Ruby E. Wilkins, Lillabeth Jay Marriott, Howard Swanner, Louise Smith, Kenneth Toppscott, Margaret T. Saer, Dona F. Hancock, Agnes Jacobson, Everett P. Combes, Jean G. Townley, Edith Redfield, Esther Redfield, Dorothea Heins, Ruth How, Blanche Miller, Mildred Rutledge, Tilda Bloecher, Donna Sullivan, Beth Black, Frank Conger, Bertha Lucille Farley, Charles Way, Frances Campbell, Ruth P. Stone, Carita Wallace, William Paul Hicks, Dorothy B. Beach, Pauline Lewis, Elizabeth G. Moule, Hermann Haag, Harland Moreau, Robert Munroe, Harry Wirth, Linn M. Rakestraw, Frank Cleveland, Irma Otwell, Esther Valkmann, Jennie Watkin, Dorothy Nason, Minnie B. Davidson, Franc R. Kellogg, Annie McGregor, Sylvia Peabody, Dorothy Davidson, Mary E. Ward, Aline Hoppe, Martha A. Dunn, Lola Hughes, Alma Tomkins, Ruth A. Bierce, Alice Rippe, Mabel Rippe, Elizabeth McDowell, Robert Pittair McDowell, Esther Bates, Charlie J. Gutterson, Margaret Arnold, Jessie Partridge, Charlie Partridge, Nora West Bowen, Clara Hoffman, Marion Fenner, Jo Leroy Roberds, Frances Richardson, John A. Powell, Edith W. Ball, Stacy Hart, John Randall Norton, Gladys M. Cohee, Paul Kassabaum, Nina A. Mason, Marguerite Hammel, Donald Kynett, Bertha E. Harner, Ella J. Harner, Jamie F. Mitchell, Sarah E. McCall, Geo. W. Martin, George Ely, Marion Campbell, Blaine B. Coles, Hawley T. Whitacre, Marjorie Schoeman, Lionell Burgess, Clara S. Preston, Ruth B. Sylvester, Floyd Roedel, Charles B. Shaw, Ethel Coot, Hattie A. Vaugelin, Ivan McHenry, Griffin Johnston, Addie Ward, Marion Reynolds, Gracie Epperson, Ada M. Sharwell, Philip Burkhardt, Ruth Durston, Lissa Wenner, D. Rea Coffman, Fannie Langworthy, Marion I. Hopkins, Edith Russell, Natilee Ogilvie, Dorothy Kerr, Vera L. Kimball, Robert Lester Milham, John Colby, Gladys A. Woods.

A few guessers sent "echo" as the answer to Riddle-Rhyme XII., and quite a number sent "thunder." These guessers should read Riddle-Rhyme XII. once more. They will see that while "echo" and "thunder," like "wind," can be "heard" but not "seen," they do not fit the description of the first line, they do not "roam the world," while the "wind" does. The answer must fit all the de-



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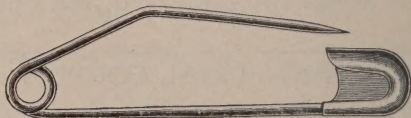
No Stitching in the Elastic

» **LOOK** For the Name
on Every Loop

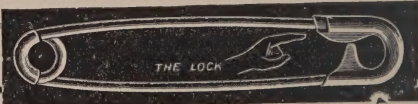
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THE
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has the point locked in the shield.
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scriptions of the Riddle-Rhyme.

A good many guessers also sent essays or descriptions of the answer to Riddle-Rhyme XII. for prizes—but if they will turn to the announcement in the March number they will find that no prizes were offered and no essays asked for. The editors have been much interested in the essays, however, and wish to thank the children who sent them. Many of the essays were excellent, some quite as good as those published in the March number.

MAY HONOR LIST.

The May Honor List, which will be published in the July number, will include all children who send in by June 1st the correct Answer to Riddle-Rhyme XIV., in this number.

MAY PRIZES.

Prizes are offered occasionally, but not every month. This month we offer Four Prizes, not simply for the answer to Riddle-Rhyme XIV., but for the correct Answer and the best Drawings of "My first," "My second," and "My whole." These are the Prizes.

Prize A. A magnifying Glass with three lenses, to boy over seven, who sends by June 1st the correct Answer to Riddle-Rhyme XIV., and the best Drawings of "my first," "my second," and "my whole."

Prize B. Little Folks' Solid Silver Thimble, to girl over seven, who sends by June 1st the correct Answer to Riddle-Rhyme XIV., and the best Drawings of "my first," "my second," and "my whole."

Prize C. Bank, nickel-plated, combination lock, to boy under seven, who sends by June 1st the correct Answer to Riddle-Rhyme XIV., and the best Drawings of "my first," "my second," and "my whole."

Prize D. A Nethersole Silver Bracelet, to girl under seven, who sends by June 1st the correct Answer to Riddle-Rhyme XIV., and the best Drawings of "my first," "my second," and "my whole."

Answers and Drawings must be wholly the children's own. Drawings must bear the name, age, and address of the artist. Prize winners must be subscribers.

Send Answers and Drawings to Editors of "Little Folks," Warner, N. H.

Colora, Maryland.

Dear "Little Folks":—We have been taking you for about a year and we think you are very interesting. We like all your stories very much. We like "The Three Little Small Bears" and "The Strange Adventures of Mazie" the best. We are all over eleven years of age, and we like you just as much as our little brothers and sisters of three and four. We are two sisters and a cousin, but we love each other as if we all were sisters. The father of two of us is a florist and he has lots of beautiful flowers. We each have a pair of skates and we have lots of fun skating; we are learning to skate backwards.

Marianna Balderston,
Jane C. Balderston,
Bertha Balderston.

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Small hole, easily made larger.
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Is the grandest and safest medicine for babies of all ages. It is a necessity in every household. It relieves Colic in ten minutes, cures Cholera Infantum, Sour Stomach, Indigestion, Summer Complaint and Sleeplessness. Absolutely pure and harmless. Will carry your baby safely through teething.

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

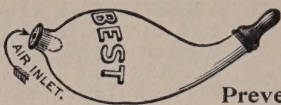
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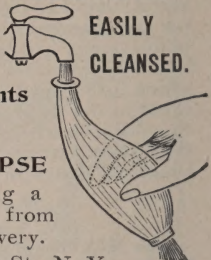
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STAMPS. 108 all different genuine Mauritius, Natal Cape G. H., Cuba, Costa Rico, Honduras, Mexico etc., with nice ALBUM all for only 10c. A splendid bargain. New 1901 list free. Agents wanted. 50 per cent. com.
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\$50 GIVEN AWAY.

"MANHU?" You need it. Send one nickel and one 2c. Stamp for "fun blanks." Cash presents up to \$50.00. Very Amusing.
Mother Elizabeth's Food Co., East Aurora, N. Y.

Roosevelt, Texas.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little girl ten years of age and I think you very nice indeed. My sister and I have taken you since November. We got some pigeons from San Antonio, but we are having a great deal of trouble raising them. Something is always taking them; we think it is the hawks. I think it very funny in your last magazine where Billy Boy was expecting his drum and received a pumpkin.

Meta B. Paterson.

Sumas, Washington.

Dear "Little Folks":—I live on the boundary line and have often been in Canada. We have a good view of Mt. Baker here. It is always covered with snow, and is very pretty. I go to school and am in the fifth grade. I like the "Baby Shows," and wish you would have them every month. I like "Poor Baby Dare" and "The Little Girl at Mt. Vernon" very much. My sister, who is ten, takes you, and likes you very much. I wish the little girl who lives in Fidalgo would write longer letters, as I like to read letters from Washington.

Vivian Sokelle.



Send name and address for 18 fine Gold Scarf Pins to sell at 10 cents each. When you have sold them send us the money and we will send you an elegant Watch FREE, or sell 12 fine Enamel Brooches at 10 cts. each and get a Camera and Complete Outfit. Our goods are the finest and our Premiums are the best ever offered by any firm.

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LITTLE FOLKS will be sent free for a year to any one who sends two new subscriptions. Any present subscriber may renew for a year by securing two new orders. Two new subscriptions will entitle you to your choice of many good things, a Steam Engine, Steam Force Pump, Magic Lantern, Daisy Air Rifle Steamboat, Steam Pile Driver, a Year's Subscription to Munsey, McClure's Magazine, The Cosmopolitan, Woman's Home Companion, Pearsons', etc., etc. Good watches may be had for a few new subscribers and you will never know how easy it is to secure them until you try.

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Girls, send us your name and address and we will mail you 30 handsomely engraved Silver Novelties to sell among friends at 10 cts. each. When sold, remit us the money and we will promptly forward to your address a most magnificent **Dressed French Doll**, a big and lovely beauty, nearly **Two Feet Tall**, full jointed body, turning bisque head, pearly teeth, automatic sleeping eyes, slippers and stockings to take off, and beautiful long flowing hair that can be combed, braided and curled. A large and handsome doll that will delight and please the girls. Order 30 Silver Novelties at once, and address,

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Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over **Fifty Years** by Millions of Mothers for their Children while Teething, with Perfect Success. It Soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pain; cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

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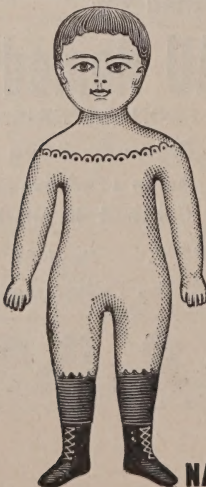
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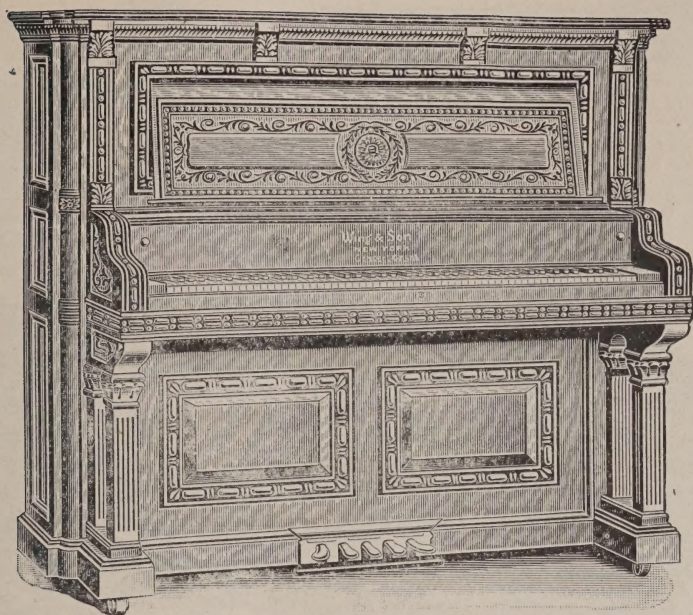


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